



Scenes  
from the  
Land of the Midnight Sun  
— YUKON —  
— and —  
— ALASKA —

There's gold, and it's haunting and haunting;  
It's luring me on as of old;  
Yet it isn't the gold that I'm wanting,  
So much as just finding the gold.  
It's the great, big, broad land 'way up yonder,  
It's the forests where silence has lease;  
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,  
It's the stillness that fills me with peace.

ROBERT W. SERVICE



When the Prospector's pick has struck home in the Rocky Mountains that traverse the Yukon, a never-ending stream of gold and other minerals will again start and startle the world. But:

This is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes it plain:  
"Send not your foolish and feeble; send me your strong  
and your sane..

Strong for the red rage of battle; sane, for I harry them  
sore;

Send me men girt for the combat, men who are grit to the  
core;

Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the bear in defeat,  
Sired of a bulldog parent, steeled in the furnace heat.

Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your chosen  
ones;

Them will I take to my bosom, them will I call my sons;  
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with  
my meat;

But the others—the misfits, the failures—I trample under  
my feet."

"Lofty I stand from each sister land, patient and wearily  
wise,  
With the weight of a world of sadness in my quiet, passion-  
less eyes;  
Dreaming alone of a people, dreaming alone of a day,  
When men shall not rape my riches, and curse me and go  
away;  
Making a bawd of my bounty, fouling the hand that gave—  
Till I rise in my wrath and I sweep on their path and I  
stamp them into a grave.  
Dreaming of men who will bless me, of women esteeming  
me good,  
Of children born in my borders, of radiant motherhood,  
Of cities leaping to stature, of fame like a flag unfurled,  
As I pour the tide of my riches in the eager lap of the world."

This is the law of the Yukon, that only the Strong shall  
thrive;  
That surely the Weak shall perish, and only the Fit survive.  
Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled and palsied and  
slain,  
This is the will of the Yukon,—Lo! how she makes it plain!

*From "The Law of the Yukon," by Robert W. Service.*

This is the Will of the Yukon.—To! how she makes it bison!  
Dissolute, drunken and debauched, crippled and besieged and  
that surely the Weak shall perish, and only the Fit survive.  
This is the law of the Yukon, that only the Strong shall  
survive; As I borm the tribe of my heroes in the softer side of the world." Of cities lessening to stumps, of tame like a first mulberry, Of crippled poor in my borders, of indistinct motherhood, the food, Dissuading of men who will prove me, of women esteeming staid them into a bison.  
This I live in my wits and I sweep on their back and I make a pass to my pony, touching the road that base—  
When men shall not use my heroes, and curse me and go  
Dissuading stumps of a bison, determining the course of a day.  
With the weight of a world to answer in my time, less ease;  
With I stand from town to town each sister and, besides my messengers,  
wise,

From "The Lamp of the Knightray," by Robert M. Service.

# Scenes from The Land of the Midnight Sun

**F**OR years the need of a complete Souvenir Book of the North, a book that would fully illustrate and show up to the world at large this "Land of Gold," has been felt by the people of this country. Therefore, in publishing this Souvenir Book we have selected with great care pictures from the very earliest days of the Yukon and Alaska as well as scenes of to-day. The contrasts shown in this book are well worth pondering over—the men struggling and toiling up the heights of Chilkoot Pass, carrying heavy burdens on their backs—the men floating downstream in rude boats and scows, those incidents in the mad rush to the Klondyke Goldfields which are now only memories of days gone by—the scenes from Railways that will now carry you safely across those once dreaded heights and from palatial steamers that will swiftly convey you through this great Empire of ours—the scenes from our mines, the old windlass and up-to-date hydraulic and dredge methods—then the old rude and unfurnished cabins, now the well-fitted-up and comfortable modern homes—the then barren slopes now transformed into gardens producing all known garden products.

Such indeed is the tremendous change that has been brought about in the short space of ten years, and during that time the Klondyke Goldfields have poured out about \$150,000,000.00 in gold.

It is the aim of the publishers of this Souvenir Book to show plainly the conditions of the early days as compared with the ones now existing, in order to dispel the prevalent idea that this is only a land of snow and ice, and to show plainly its glorious climate, its wealth of vegetation, its fruits and flowers, its wealth in gold and other minerals. And to tourists we wish to show that, compared with "*The Land of the Midnight Sun*," the beauties of Switzerland's mountains, of Norway's fjords, of Italy's sun-bathed beaches, fade into a mere nothing. *Also this is a land without beggars.* From time to time in the future we shall issue enlarged editions of this book.

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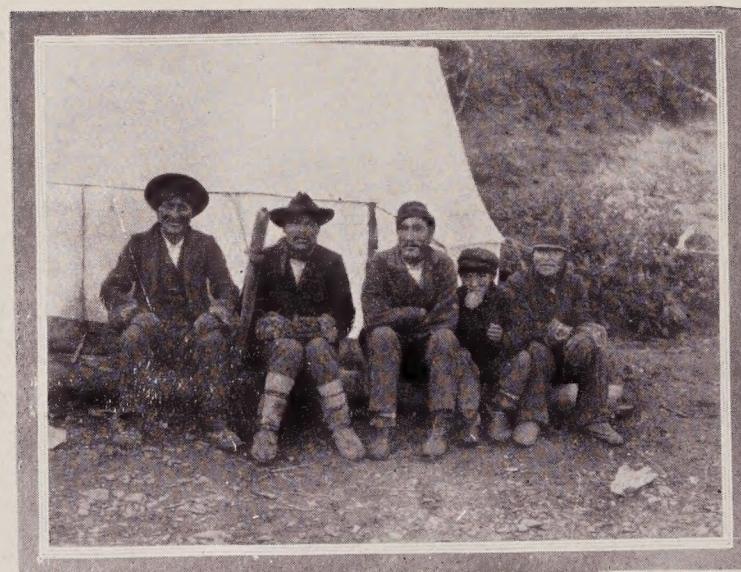
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SCENE AT THE WHITE PASS DOCK, DAWSON



STREET SCENE IN DAWSON, 1899



STREET SCENE IN DAWSON, 1899



DAWSON FROM THE MOOSHIDE TRAIL



THE CLOSE OF DAY. PHOTO TAKEN AT MIDNIGHT



A STREET IN DAWSON. PHOTO TAKEN AT MIDNIGHT



SCENE NEAR THE MOUTH OF BONANZA



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DAWSON BY THE LIGHT OF AURORA BOREALIS

“But the others, the men of my mettle, the men who would 'stablish my fame,  
Unto its ultimate issue, winning me honor, not shame;  
Searching my uttermost valleys, fighting each step as they go,  
Shooting the wrath of my rapids, scaling my ramparts of snow;  
Ripping the guts of my mountains, looting the beds of my creeks,  
Them will I take to my bosom, and speak as a mother speaks.  
I am the land that listens, I am the land that broods;  
Steeped in eternal beauty, crystalline waters and woods.  
Long have I waited lonely, shunned as a thing accurst,  
Monstrous, moody, pathetic, the last of the lands and the first;

Visioning camp-fires at twilight, sad with a longing forlorn,  
Feeling my womb o'er-pregnant with the seed of either  
    unborn.  
Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death is my sway,  
And I wait for the men who will win me—and I will not  
    be won in a day;  
And I will not be won by weaklings, subtle, sly and mild,  
But by men with the hearts of vikings, and the simple faith  
    of a child;  
Desperate, strong and restless, unthrottled by fear or  
    defeat,  
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with  
    my meat.”

*From “The Law of the Yukon,” by Robert W. Service.*

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with his annotations of the author's proposed changes in  
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HUNTING SCENES FROM THE YUKON



A KLONDYKE FARM WITH GREENHOUSES



A CHICKEN RANCH IN THE KLONDYKE



A DAWSON RESIDENCE AND GARDEN



A SNOWSHOE PARTY IN THE KLONDYKE



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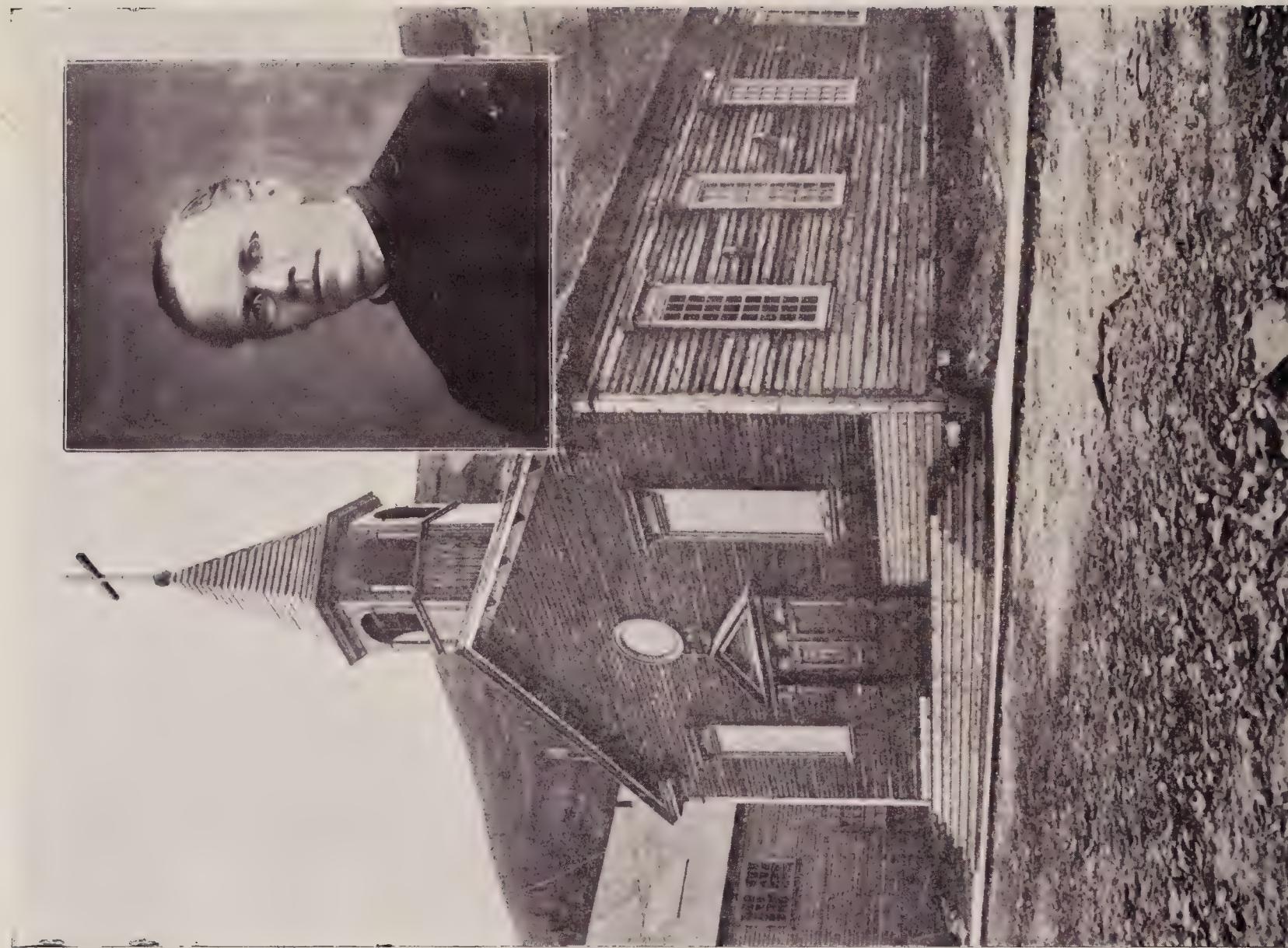
COMMISSIONER'S RESIDENCE, DAWSON, Y.T.



FIREHALL IN DAWSON



ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL



FATHER JUDGE

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, DAWSON

## FATHER JUDGE

By ARNOLD F. GEORGE

The world was in a fever, men mad with tales of gold.  
Crowned heads were raised to listen; and timid hearts grew cold;  
And college savants stopped the class—discussed auriferous sand,  
And preachers dropped their Bibles for the journals of the day.

And doctors cheered their patients with the tale so widely told,  
Of where the rushing rivers were banked by banks of gold;  
And bootblacks, princes, magnates, restless tossed by dreams of wealth,  
On the altar to Dame Fortune cast their youth, their fortunes, health.

By Pelly Banks, past Ramparts, o'er Chilcoot's stormy height,  
The snow was black with moving men, like locusts in a flight—  
An exodus more mighty than that by Moses led—  
A miracle but second to Elisha, raven-fed.

And listening to their speaking, as they draw their loaded sleds,  
With 'feebled frames so famine pinched; and note their low-bowed heads;  
Not one but deep is thinking—with heart as black as night—  
How he'll leave the other fellow by his prowess and his might.

How he'll pass him in the night-time; how he'll neither eat nor sleep;  
How he'll get there first “by Heaven,” if he run or if he creep.  
Not one a kindness showing; not one with aught to spare,  
To prove the God in human nature—reciprocate our father's care.

Not one, but we are hasty. See yon form all dressed in black;  
Sled ropes over shoulders, weakly bended back.  
Observe that halting figure, eyes ablaze, but not with greed,  
Fearful—anxious—half provided with the goods which he will need.

On the frozen, darkened river, silent wends this halting form;  
Southward, mile by mile it travels, never heeding cold or storm;

On that face a holy smiling—holy purpose in that heart;  
Not a gold-mine he is after; not dreams of wealth his pulses start.

On those lips a prayer is trembling: “Grant me strength, Lord, for my task,

Thy lost sheep I fain would succor, a few more days is all I ask.  
Nerve this feeble, falling temple; gird me, Lord, with strength Thine own,  
Thine, O Lord, the glory ever; Thine, O Lord, and Thine alone.”

Then with strength that's more human, Dawson finds him there at last,  
Hundreds sick and dying round him, sands of life are ebbing fast;  
In a tent without assistance, moves he fast from man to man;  
Knows no creed and knows no color, be he black, qr white, or tan.

Mines of Monte Cristo round him—wealth by millions to be had;  
Not one thought of earthly treasure—for the gold that makes men mad;  
Takes healing unguents, wholesome tonics, soothing potions from the sled,  
He is cook and launderer, nurse and doctor, prays for the sick, interts the dead.

See those buildings rise around him—five hundred beds and each one filled;

See him give his life for sick ones, day or night when all is stilled;  
On his couch a moment lying, but no sleep for wearied eyes;  
See him sink at last exhausted—welcome rest—the good man dies.

Died! Yes, dead; and how we miss him, miss his heartsome, cheery voice;

Miss this simple, earnest Christian, over whom the saints rejoice.

Priest he was, but more than priestly; man he was, but more than man;  
Christ-taught pity played his heartstrings—fill his place no other can.

## ДЕЯНИЯ ХРИСТИАНСТВА

АФОНО РАДСИ 10 43

Dear! Yes, dear; and now we miss him, miss his presence, cheerfully;  
See him sink at last exhausted—welcome rest—the Good man dies.  
Our wise counsels for sick ones, day or night when all is silent;  
See him give his life for sick lying, put to sleep for weeping eyes;  
Our wise counsels a moment lying, put to sleep for weeping eyes;  
See him give his life for sick ones, day or night when all is silent;  
Miss this simple, earnest Christianity, over whom the spirits rejoice.  
Please me well, put more tissue besides—will this please no other case;  
Christianity built based his earnestness—will this please no other case;  
Please me well, put more tissue besides—will this please no other case;  
See him sink at last exhausted—welcome rest—the Good man dies.  
She sees those painfuless rise around him—five hundred beds and each one  
Takes lessiling nubes, wofulsome to see, softening bosoms from the sleep;  
She is cook and laundryer, nurse and doctor, busy for the sick, inter-  
Knew no cheer and knows no color, be the pisco, or wife, or son.  
Humanities skip thy kindly young mind, cause of life sis applied to  
There is still to every creature pleasure, O how glad am I to see it.  
Humanities skip thy kindly young mind, cause of life sis applied to  
In a few months assistance, moves he fast from man to man;  
Knew no cheer and knows no color, be the pisco, or wife, or son.  
Mines of Monte Carlo round him—wealthy by millions to be had;  
Not one thought of earthly pleasure, for the boy that makes men mad;  
She sees those painfuless rise around him—five hundred beds and each one  
The head.



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Have you gazed on naked grandeur where there's nothing  
else to gaze on,  
Set pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore,  
Big mountains heaved to heaven, which the blinding sun-  
sets blazon,  
Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?  
Have you swept the visioned valley with the green stream  
streaking through it,  
Searched the Vastness for a something you have lost?  
Have you strung your soul to silence? Then for God's  
sake go and do it;  
Hear the challenge, learn the lesson, pay the cost.

They have cradled you in custom, they have primed you  
with their preaching,  
They have soaked you in convention through and through;  
They have put you in a showcase; you're a credit to their  
teaching—  
But can't you hear the wild?—it's calling you.  
Let us probe the silent places, let us seek what luck be-  
tide us;  
Let us journey to a lonely land I know.  
There's a whisper on the night-wind, there's a star agleam  
to guide us,  
And the wild is calling, calling . . . let us go.

*From "The Call of the Wild," by Robert W. Service.*

the last, and with much of my family, who visit  
the former, and other  
parts of the country, and have been engaged  
in the same, for a number of years.

There is also a - which is a very large hill -  
and about twice as high as the one before it, and  
is covered with trees.

There is a small stream of water  
which falls over the hill, and the water is  
very clear and cold.

There is a small stream of water

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Y. G. CO.



A LARGE SIZED DUMP



SPRING SLUICING OF A DUMP



DREDGE NO. 1 AT BEAR CREEK



AN ELECTRIC HOIST ON 30 BELOW, BONANZA, Y. G. CO.

Some day we'll have a great deal of  
time to sit around and talk about  
the things we've done and the things  
we've learned. But for now, I just  
want to say that I'm very happy  
with the way things have turned out.

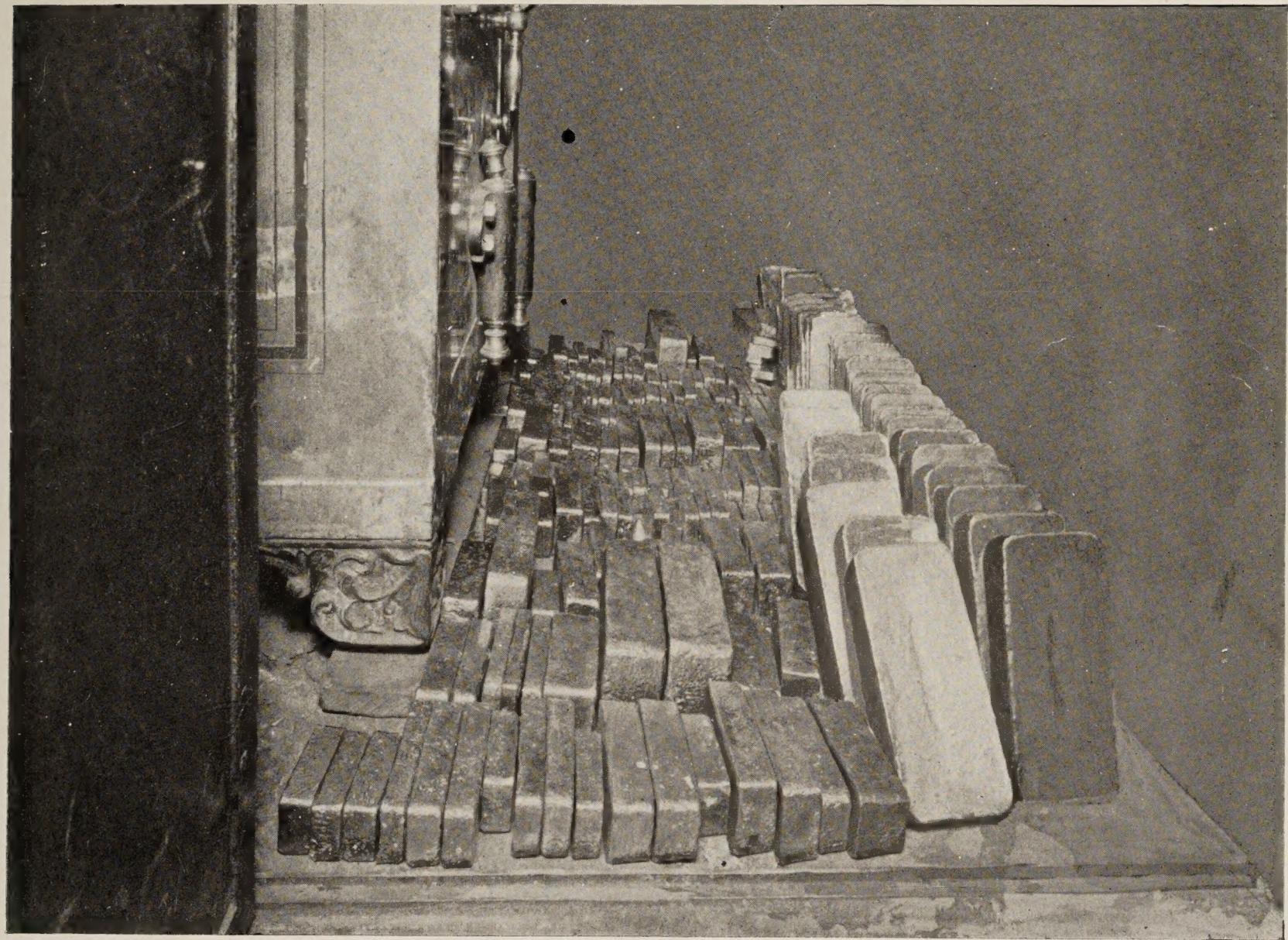
Written by [Signature] on [Date]

I started this blog and I sort of like it.  
I suppose you might like it too.  
It's not perfect, but I think it's  
a good way to keep track of my  
thoughts and feelings. I hope you  
will enjoy reading it.

I wanted the gold, and I sought it;  
I scabbled and mucked like a slave.  
Was it famine or scurvy—I fought it;  
I hurled my youth into a grave.  
I wanted the gold and I got it—  
Came out with a fortune last fall,—  
Yet somehow life's not what I thought it,  
And somehow the gold isn't all.

No! There's the land. (Have you seen it?)  
It's the cussedest land that I know,  
From the big, dizzy mountains that screen it,  
To the deep, deathlike valleys below.  
Some say God was tired when He made it;  
Some say it's a fine land to shun;  
Maybe: but there's some as would trade it  
For no land on earth—and I'm one.

*From "The Spell of the Yukon," by Robert W. Service.*



THREE TONS OF GOLD BRICKS IN THE BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, DAWSON





